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R I M E S ROUGH-HEWN



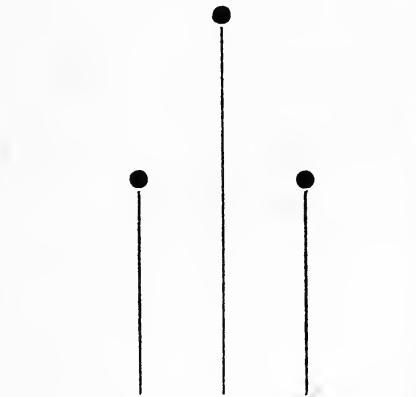
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PAUL LEATON CORBIN.

Rimes Rough- hewn

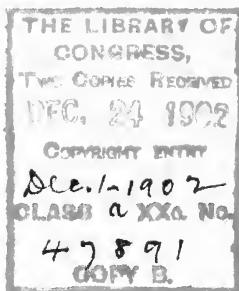
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Paul Leaton Corbin





Prefatory Note.

This collection of rimes is now issued at the instance of the writer's friends, and that he may gather together verses that have been scattered locally in various publications.

Writing verse is not this writer's vocation; it is his occasional recreation. He sends out this limited edition with the modest wish that the rimes may bring a measure of satisfaction to his friends, and may escape the keen eyes of the critics.

PAUL LEATON CORBIN.

OBERLIN, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1902.

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*Rimes
of
Rural
Life.*

The Striving of Spring.

The earth is awaking from thraldom of death,
From the long winter's fetters of frost;
All nature, inhaling her life-giving breath,
Resurrects the green blades that were lost.

The mist that has hung o'er the valley too long
Leaps away like an animate thing.
The brook in the hollow is gurgling a song.
Who feels not the striving of spring?

Each hour brings a bird from the faraway south
To warble his message of love.
There's a song in the flutter of wing, and in mouth
There's a carol from heaven above.
Soon the tree-tips will swell with their plethoric veins,
And their banners on breezes will fling.
The sunshine, commingled with down-pour of rains,
Tells the world of the striving of spring.

The sullen loam yields to the glittering share,
And upturns its dank face to the sun.
The shout of the plow boy rings sharp on the air,
As the long summer's work is begun.
There's the crackling of stalks as the coulter breaks through,
While the plows to the long ridges cling.
Now the fair plains, to tiller and gleaner most true,
Grow fairer with striving of spring.

When the strife is all done and the summer is come,
With its wide fields of glorious grain,
Then the singer and toiler will reckon the sum
That was earned through the toiling and pain.
For the heart of the poet was filled, like the bird's,
With a masterful longing to sing—
A longing that eased not its fervor in words,
But was only the striving of spring.

Dry Weather Advice.

O, button up yer lower lip,
No need o' feelin' blue;
The Lord, he runs the weather,
An' the Lord'll pull us through.

We know the corn has failed us,
An' there hain't much hay an' oats,
An' wheat was only middlin';
Slim prospects fer the shoats.

But the Lord will not fergit us,
An' the good ole book has said:
The righteous he will ne'er fersake,
Ner let him beg fer bread.

I guess he knows His bizness,
An' may withhold the rain
That we might learn to be content,
Rej'ice, an' not complain.

Let's hold our prayermeetin's,
Not to beg Him fer a shower,
But t' ast his grace to ca'mly trust
In His unfailin' power.

Then button up yer lower lip,
No need o' feelin' blue;
The Lord, He runs the weather,
An' the Lord 'll pull us through.

When He's Got No Gun.

Strollin' 'long 'thout a gun
On a winter's day,
Ev'ry kind o' critter seems
To hop up in yer way.
Quails a-whistlin' cheerful like
On a shock o' corn;
Owls a-hootin' 'way off thar
Like a dinner-horn;
Squirrels slippin' up the trees,
Rabbits on the run;
Oh, the game a feller sees
When he's got no gun.

Chicken hawks a-flyin' high,
Peerin' everywhere,
Spottin' all yer poultry frum
Away up in the air.
Ole black crows a-cawin' loud
Right above yer head;
Only wisht yer had a gun
To pump 'em full o' lead.
Squirrels in their nests o'leaves,
Scoldin' 'way like fun;
Oh, the game a feller sees
When he's got no gun,

Sassy blue jays, mockin' hawks,
Skeerin' all the birds.
(If yer had that shot-gun now
Wouldn't waste no words.)
Sparres chatterin' like gals;
Oh, it makes yer mad!
Little snow-birds twitterin'
Kind o' sweet an' glad;
Rabbits hoppin' 'mong the trees,
'Most too tame to run;
Oh, the game a feller sees
When he's got no gun.

Sometimes see an ole black mink
Crawlin' in a drift;
Fifty cents fer mink skins gives
A feller quite a lift.
Sometimes see a ring-tail 'coon
Streakin' frum the pond,
Whare he's bin a-ketchin' fish,
Of which he's very fond.
Squirrels slippin' up the trees,
Rabbits on the run;
Oh, the game a feller sees
When he's got no gun.

'Long in June.

The dreamy, hazy summer air is filled with insects' hum;
The yellow-hammer on the barn still beats his wooden drum;
The catbird in the cherry tree repeats her saucy me-ow;
The hammock of the oriole is swinging from the bough,
When the sun's away up yonder,

'Long in June.

There is music in the hedges where the brown thrush builds her nest;
There are battles royal fought where'er the bluejay wears his crest;
The sparrows chatter just as much as in the winter time;
The jenny wrens have twittered back from some far southern clime.
There's a drowsy sort of droning in the branches of the trees.
There's a sleepy sort of humming in the hives of busy bees.
There's pure comfort with the cattle as they crop the juicy grass.
There's a tempter in the cool old pond, its face as smooth as glass.

The meadow, filled with daisies, like a shining piece of silk,
That has somehow been bespattered, here and there, with foamy milk,
Is shivering and shimmering before the merry breeze
That whispers gentle nothings to his sweetheart in the trees,
When the sun's away up yonder,

'Long in June.

The cultivators scratch along the rows of rustling corn.
The plowboys cock their sun-burned ears to hear the dinner horn.

The tired horses stretch their necks to nip the longest blade,
And man and beast would like to feast within some leafy shade,
When the sun's away up yonder,

'Long in June.

The girls down in the garden are a-picking beans and peas,
While mother, in the cellar, makes her butter and her cheese;
The cloth is laid for dinner, and the summer-kitchen's filled
With the fragrant odor of "the pies that mother used to build."
A dish of red raspberries, and a pitcher full of cream,
A bowl of new potatoes so red hot they fairly steam,
A dozen bald young onions just to make a fellow grin,
All are sitting on the table when the boys come tramping in.
There's a platter of fat bacon, and another one of beans.
There's a military flavor to the dish of army beans.
There is good white bread or biscuits, and a plate of cookies, too,
That disappear before the son as doth the morning dew
When the sun's away up yonder,
'Long in June.

That man and joy are strangers who has never known a farm
In its winsomeness and beauty, its peculiar June-time charm.
That man is filled with ignorance who never read the book
That prints its sermons in the field and essays in the brook,
When the sun's away up yonder,

'Long in June.

When We Git The Thrashin' Done.

Well, Maw, we'll have the thrashers when they finish up at Mack's;

I must go to town this evenin' an' bring out my coal an' sacks.
You, Jimmy, hitch your pony up an' hustle up the hands;
Tell Mack to bring his boys along, we'll need 'em cuttin' bands.
Tom, you harness up ole Betsy to the spring-tooth Tiger rake,
An' be keerful with the britchin', fur it's mighty apt to break,
An' go rake acrost that clover field where Billy built the stacks;
There's enough left on the win-rows fur to pay my hound-dog tax.
Yes, we'll have to thrash tomorrow; it'll keep us on the run,
But we'll all go up to mother's when we git the thrashin' done.

Kind o' looked like rain this mornin', but I guess it passed us by,
Tho' the medders and the pastures is a gittin' purty dry;
An' a leetle shower would help the corn in fillin' out the shoots,
Even if there is some moisture down erround the lower roots.
Jimmy, how's the roads? a gittin' dusty did you say?
Then I reckon they'll need sprinklin' in about another day;
Still, we hain't a hurtin' yit, an' it'd please me mighty well
Fur to git my grain in shelter while we have this pleasant spell.
If we start right prompt tomorrow we'll get thro' an hour by sun,
An' we'll all go up to mother's when we git the thrashin' done.

Guess the wimmen will be ready fur a leetle journey, too;
Fur they've had a busy season an' consid'ble yit to do.
Our peaches an' termaters is a fillin' up the cans,
An' we'll git some big, fine apricots down there to Sally Ann's.
There's two hundred quarts o' berries settin' on the cellar shelves,
Law, that ain't a quart too many, fur we'll eat 'em all ourselves;
'Ceptin half-a-dozen gallons that we canned fur Preacher Gray.
Maw, you'd better load him up fust time he's drivin' up this way.
Almiry has her apples nicely dryin' in the sun,
So we'll all go up to mother's when we git the thrashin' done.

We must take some sweet pertaters an' a sack o' butter beans
Fur to go there empty-handed kain't be done by enny means;
An' granmaw's garden hain't so good sence pore old granpaw
died;

He spent his time a potterin' 'round to keep the house supplied;
An', Tom, you make me think to take a sack o' "maiden blush;"
You younguns keep them apples disappearin' with a rush.
Mother sez her trees is blighted, an' she's fond o' apples, too;
We've got some trees that's bearin' well, in fact, a quite a few.
I like to help my mother out, fur I'm her only son,
An' we'll all go up to mother's when we git the thrashin' done.

It's a visit we have made each year sence Em an' I was jined,
An' to lay aside the custom I don't feel at all inclined.
It duz us good to take a trip, to git away frum home,
To crawl a leetle distance under heaven's archin' dome.
We learn a leetle more about this great big land of ours;
We leave our clover blossoms fur to pick some stranger flowers;
We leave off calculatin' what the northwest forty yields,
Fur to glean some better mental crops in wider-stretchin fields;
An' so I find a pleasure that is second hand to none,
When we all go up to mother's when we git the thrashin' done.

The Scrunchin' o' the Snow.

When the panes are frosted over,
And the fire's blazin' high,
And the wind is howlin' fiercely 'round the eaves;
When the air is gray and murky,
And the sting is in the sky,
And the black jacks madly rattle their dead leaves;
When the bells are jinglin' merry,
And the horses toss their manes,
And the gals begin to holler, "Let 'em go!"
O, 'tis then I press my ear up close
Beside the winder panes,
Jes' to hear the angry scrunchin' o' the snow.

When the kids run 'long the sidewalks,
On their way to publick school,
And the snowballs are a-whizzin' everywhere;
When the bizness men are hustlin',
In the mornin' clear and cool,
And their busy business chatter fills the air;
I kin hear their heels a-grindin'
And a-growlin' down the walk,
As past my winder every day they go;
And 't would make me feel more cheerful
If I *didn't* hear 'em talk
Jes' to hear the angry scrunchin' o' the snow.

Lift yer heels and plant 'em firmly,
Lift yer toes and set 'em square,
Let the world know yer a movin' when ye go;
There will allers be a pleasant
Kind o' music in the air
While I kin hear the scrunchin' o' the snow.

*Rimes
of
Sentiment.*

In Her Eyes So Deep.

In her eyes so deep there are secrets hid
That I strive in vain to read;
And the magic to lift each drooping lid
Is surely my heart's great need.
Yet I dream there's a love that will never sleep
In her eyes so deep.

Could I read my fate in those eyes of blue
I'd happier be, I know;
For I'm given to hope I would find them true,
And with tender trust aglow.
So I dream there's a love that will never sleep
In her eyes so deep.

When lifted at last they are filled with tears,
Those wonderful, limpid eyes.
Then away with my craven doubts and fears,
They tell me I've won my prize;
And I know there's a love that will never sleep
In her eyes so deep.

When Old Ben Died.

One morning father said,
"Our old bay Ben is dead."
We children felt our hearts sink at the word.
Our dear old horse was gone;
Each heart was like a stone;
'Twas quite the saddest news we'd ever heard.

We gathered round the corse
Of our poor old bay horse.
Our childish cheeks were wet with bitter tears;
Not one restrained his grief,
Each trembled like a leaf,
Too soon we felt the burden of the years.

Jim was the first to speak,
Tears glistened on his cheek;
"We ought to have a prayer for dear old Ben—
Loving Father, if there be
A barn up there with thee,
I'd like to ask a little favor, then

Just give the warmest stall
You have among them all
To make a cosy resting-place for Ben.
He's been so good and kind,
I hope that you can find
Some place for him. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

We made a wreath of hay
And crowned the poor old bay;
Then father said, "Go in the house awhile."
Ah, how we children cried
The day that old Ben died.
For one day even childhood lost its smile.

When John Comes Home.

When John comes home from work at close of day,
A thought sustains him all the weary way—
That at the gate where honeysuckles twine
O'er pendant petals of the columbine,
A lass will wait with merry word to greet
The tired lover trudging up the street.

He turns, at last, and lo, beneath the bower,
Just as he'd pictured her through all the hour,
Mary stands waiting, smiles upon her face,
The very queen of all the humble place;
And in her eyes a light transcending far
The lustrous brightness of the evening star.

Deeds and Dreams.

I sought me wealth in devious ways of busy men,
By work of hand and eye and fluent, facile pen.
I gained my quest, the pleasant power that wealth bestows.
I knew the luxury of life. I plucked its rose.
Night came, and in its shades, truly, I could but deem
My wealth an empty show, an evanescent dream.

I courted fame. In crowded halls the sweet applause
Of men was mine. I snatched from cruel gaping jaws
The fair Fortuna whose irenic wealth of palm
Held forth to me life's sweetest Gilead-balm.
The echoes died away. Alas, my fame would seem
A mocking phantasy, a myth, an idle dream.

I tried to live for others. In unselfishness
Riches became the vehicle of glad redress
Of private woes. And even fame when stooped to lift
A fallen race, became a boon, a heavenly gift.
No more, in truth, could I my living fairly deem
A quip, a jest, a bit of mirth, an empty dream.

Captains of Industry.

Who are the mighty ones, ruling in diligence,
Holding the scepter, pronouncing the law ?

Not men of luxury, fondled from infancy,
Titular heroes the lowly to awe.

Rather the opulent, rich by persistent toil,
Lavishing millions with stroke of the pen;
Captains of industry, challenging indolence;
Captains of industry, masters of men.

Venturesome spirits, in daring defiance
Plunging in paths that no other has trod:
Builders of railways, owners of mighty fleets,
Cleaving the waves as the plowshare the sod:
By some act of magic the deserts redeeming,
Making a garden of bleak moor and fen;
Captains of industry, vanquishing poverty;
Captains of industry, masters of men.

Leaders of armies, they, peaceful battalions,
Marching at daybreak to mine and to mill;
Grizzled campaigners, with seamed hands and calloused,
Fighting hard battles, to keep, not to kill.
Over such regiments, ruling in eminence,
Filling the store-house with plenty again;
Captains of industry, conquering penury;
Captains of industry, masters of men.

Strength from Determination.

Nehemiah 2:18.

Before the ruined wall the pilgrim stood,
In mournful heaps he saw the city fair;
 The nation's capital, a tangled wood:
The nation's poverty was pictured there.
 His ringing voice recalled to patriots
Incumbent duties of their honored race.
 They blush to think of the disgraceful blots
That stain the nation's story for a space,
 And hope, aflame, arises in each breast.
Ambition flashes from each tear-dimmed eye.
 They prove them equal to the leader's test:
"Let us rise up and build," they bravely cry.
 Like a broad river, flooding all the plain;
Like the deep heaven, filled with falling rain;
 So came there then the power for toilsome days:
"So strengthened they their hands," the record says.

O, waiting soul, with hesitancy filled,
Find here the inspiration for each task.
 Life's ruins often call us to rebuild:
And, "Who will work today?" our duties ask.
 Jerusalem in mournful heaps of dust
Is paralleled in many a human life;
 In upturned buildings of abus-ed trust;
In wrecks and ruins from temptation-strife;
 In rounded mounds where purity lies, slain;
 In tangled woods of suffering and pain.
But character may rise anew from them,
 And we may build a new Jerusalem.
"Let us rise up and build." Be that the cry
 To banish shadows as the rising sun.
"So strengthen we our hands." When night is nigh,
 We hear the Master-builder's voice, "Well done."

The Patriot.

Upon the sultry summer air,
'Mid drum's fanfare and trumpet's blare,
The voices of the speakers swell,
Who, knowing well, make bold to tell
The glories of our country great,
Her future fate, her wide estate.
They sweep the continent. They boast
From northern frost to southern coast.
They prod the eagle till he screams.
Each sentence teems with warmer beams
From oratory's blazing sun.
Of battles done, of victories won,
Of such things speaks *the patriot*.
This man who talks a patriot? What rot
Let deeds define the patriot.

'Tis not the man who loudly brags
Of bulging bags, of towering crags,
Of ships that glide on rivers wide,
Of grain-besprinkled country-side;
'Tis not the man whose voice declaims
Of lustrous fames, distinguished names;
Of wealthy states where honor waits
Submissively at city gates;
'Tis not the man who lusts for fame,
(Beguiling name, elusive dame.)
But he who works, who never shirks
His duty for bewitching smirks
And smiles that Reputation gives;
This man may be unknown to fame,
The moss may gather on his name;
But in the Great Account, I wot,
He will be called the patriot.
The stars may wane, the patriot lives.
Is he who talks the patriot? What rot!
Let deeds define the patriot.

Brown Eyes and Blue Eyes.

Brown Eyes and Blue Eyes go twinkling together,
Peering at life amid all sorts of weather,
Laughing in sunshine, and shining in rain,
Sparkling in poverty, peril, and pain;
Steadfast and true when the skies are all blue,
Brown Eyes and Blue Eyes, so loyal are you !

Brown Eyes and Blue Eyes, do tell me the way,
When the sun hides his face and the skies are all gray,
That you keep up your shining, your twinkling, your glow,
So when dark all above it is bright all below.
Ah, Brown Eyes and Blue Eyes, 'tis love-light you say,
That even in darkness reminds us of day.

Shine on, eyes of brown, shine on, eyes of blue,
My spirit has learned a sweet lesson of you.
Whatever life sends me of sunshine or rain,
Keep shining my spirit, all other is vain.
For, on in their journey in all kinds of weather,
Brown Eyes and Blue Eyes go twinkling together.

Who Cares ?

On a far southern shore, 'neath the African sky
Lies a soldier in feverish pain.

All alone must he lie, as the Reaper draws nigh,
And the chill settles down on his brain.

There is no kindly hand his pillow to smooth.
There is no one to bring him relief.

There is no voice to comfort, no murmur to soothe,
There is no eye to moisten with grief.

For the nation is worth her billions now,
And she's wearing imperial airs;

And as for this boy with the damp on his brow—
Let him die ! Who cares ?

The death-dew lies thick on the manly young brow,
Where rested a mother's caress—

Alas, that that mother is far away now,
And her fingers may nevermore press

The hand of her son, her darling, her pride,
The hope of her life's afternoon ;

For the message speeds on that her first-born has died
In his prime, in his promise, too soon.

But the nation is worth her billions now,
And she's wearing imperial airs;

And she recks not the boy with the damp on his brow—
Let him die ! Who cares ?

Who cares ? Ask the mother who labored and prayed
That her son might fulfil her ideal,

Might make of his life the most to be made.
Ask her if her anguish is real.

Who cares ? ask the maiden who plighted her love,
Now widowed before she is wed.

May the Father send mercy from Heaven above
When they tell her her lover is dead.

Yet the nation is worth her billions now,
And she's wearing imperial airs;

And she heeds not the boy with the damp on his brow—
Let him die ! Who cares ?

*Rimes
of
Reflection,
Wise
and
Otherwise.*

On New Year's Eve.

To-morrow's sun brings in another year,
Another round of helpfulness, of cheer,
Of patient, loving service, man for man,
With which the present centuries began
When Christ, the helpful Friend, in Bethlehem
Was born. The greatest gift God gave to men;
Perpetual messenger of hope and cheer;
Strong servant of the race, year after year;
Untiring herald of undying love;
Living below the graces born above.
In him the centuries begin. In him they end.
In him the past and future strangely blend.
In him the glorious present finds its crown.
"Before all time," his title of renown.

What care we how the years swift glide away?
With him a thousand years are as a day.
Bound to no rolling chariot of Time;
Bound by no manacles of Race, or Clime;
The Infinite, above all earth-bonds, free;
And we are his, we have his liberty.

To-morrow's sun brings in another year.
The race will need our helpfulness, our cheer.
Our lips must frame the world's glad freedom song.
Our hands to lift and help must prove them strong.
Our feet, on patient, loving errands bent,
Must spend the days as He would have them spent.
Our eyes across the gulf of time must peer,
To where the day is dawning, bright and clear.
Our ears, attuned to hymns of angel-choirs,
Must hear the songs where never song expires.
Our lives, defeating years, defying time,
Must grow into the Infinite, sublime.

The Captive Stars.

One day, two little stars, celestial twins,
Went wandering from their filmy nest in Space.
They wandered where earth ends and sky begins,
Leaped the horizon o'er with airy grace,
And went to seek in all the mundane sphere
A place where they might shine for good of men;
Lit with a love-light, confident and clear,
To bring bright rays of hope to earth again.

They took with them a bit of azure blue,
The setting for their twinkling and their glow.
They found a home where blushing roses grew
Above two rounded cheeks of purest snow.
Ah, what a setting for the roaming stars!
For good of men a maiden won the prize—
A tiny Venus and a tiny Mars,
Held captive, twinkling now, in Stella's eyes!

To My Valentine.

The skies are not more blue
Than Phoebe's eyes.
The crimson in her cheeks
The rose might prize.
Her hands are lily white,
And soft as fair.
The sunshine's mellow ray
Glints in her hair.
Fair hands, and cheeks of rose,
And eyes of blue.
But, better than the rest,
A heart that's true.

What Would You Say?

If I should offer a coronet,
And the title and rank of peer,
A castle with moat and parapet,
And a yearly round of cheer,
And gowns galore with their silken sheen,
And the lofty throne of the social queen,
And a carefree life, and a gay,
What would you say?

If I should offer a store of gold,
And a palace to shelter the head,
A home in the South when the winds grow cold,
In the North when the winter has fled,
And the whole wide world at your beck and call,
With a lavish hand you may bless them all,
As for you men work and for you they play,
What would you say?

If I should offer a humble home
In a quiet village street,
Where the flowers bloom, and the wild birds come
And the air is fresh and sweet;
And a joyous round of care and toil,
And a glad retreat from the world's turmoil,
And a loyal heart 'neath my sober gray,
What would you say?

Home From School.

When the kids come home from school,
There's a stamping in the porches and a clatter in the hall,
A crash of empty dinner pails, and then the lusty call :
" Mom, I'm hungry, aint there nothin' that a feller likes to eat
Hurry up, I'm almost starvin'. Please, a slice o' bread an'meat."
As I hasten to the pantry to appease those appetites
With a huge, well-buttered sandwich of, perhaps, a dozen bites,
I am thinking how I've listened all day long for trampling feet,
And the noisy cry of hunger that I know they will repeat,

When the kids come home from school.

When the kids come home from school,
There are tales of misdemeanors that the other boys have done
There are stories of the honors that my own have proudly won,
In my ear 'tis sometimes whispered, at my ear 'tis sometimes
hurled,
All the wisdom, all the gossip, of their little school-day world.
Ah, but mothers' hearts are burdened with a weight of weal
and woe,
When the children bring their troubles to be whispered soft
and low
In the ear that ever stoops to hear faint murmur or wild cry,
The joyous shout of laughter, or the deep-drawn, mournful sigh,

When the kids come home from school.

When the kids come home from school,
When the evening chores have all been done, and books are
put away,
The supper-hour is over, and the time of merry play;
They are kneeling at their bedsides as I enter with soft tread,
Just to hear their "Now I lay me," just to kiss each bowing head.
Then I tuck my dear ones warmly in their white and cosy nest,
Press my lips to tired faces, breathe a prayer for peaceful rest.

* * * * *

Loving Father, when I finish my hard lessons here below,
Do Thou give me rest, the child-like rest the angel-hands
bestow,

When the kids come home from school.

Where the Violets Grew.

The bird that sang where the tree-tops sway
Had a note as sweet as true,
For he warbled a psalm of life that day,
O'er the bank where the violets grew.

The stream that rippled on sand and shale
Had caught up the melody, too,
And was gurgling a tune all down the swale
By the bank where the violets grew.

The flowers were eloquent, too, that day,
With their yellow throats 'neath their lips of blue.
And we stooped to hear what they had to say
On the bank where the violets grew.

The windows of heaven were shut, I wot,
That the eye might not peer through,
And the watching angels might envy not
That bank where the violets grew.

Would you know why all were singing a song,
Old, yet new, tender and true?
Oh, love was deep, and love was strong,
And love was singing his sweetest song
On the bank where the violets grew.

A Legend of Squirrel Hollow.

When Squirrel Hollow scholars came,
In District Seventeen,
To learn the new school-teacher's name,
Receive instruction from the same,
And in recess with loud acclaim
 To gambol on the green—
They found a pleasant-faced young man,
Who at the very first began
To run the school upon a plan
 Distinctively his own;
As any smiling monarch can,
 Who sits upon a throne.

One rule the new professor made
 In District Seventeen
Set every soul within the glade
A-searching for his trusty blade.
Such opposition there displayed
 Had ne'er before been seen.
The doughty teacher did declare
Each pupil should a speech prepare,
Commit the same, and drill with care.
 On Friday afternoon
The patrons of the school should share
 This literary boon.

One Emmeline, a buxom girl,
 Fought most against the rule.
She pouted, and she tossed her curl;
She stamped her foot like any earl;
She called the teacher "Tyrant," "Churl;"
 She acted quite a fool.
The teacher, he of pleasant face,
Smiled on, nor weakened in his place;
Insisting with the utmost grace,
 She should obey the law.
A velvet glove upheld the mace:
 The hand of steel none saw.

'She lost her temper, he did not.
 He simply said, "You must;"
But said it so that none forgot.
Their admiration rose a lot
To see he did not move one jot,
 No matter how she fussed.
And soon the fact to all was known,
Their teacher was a man of stone.
They humbly bowed before his throne,
 And sprang to do his will.
Their disobedience all had flown,
 They cherished naught of ill.

And Emmeline prepared a talk
 For Friday's exercise.
She found it did not pay to balk;
'Twere better far to meekly walk
Along the narrow line of chalk
 Where teacher would advise.
And for the last I've saved the best.
The sequel you, perhaps, have guessed.
He had a heart within his breast,
 And so had Emmeline.
And when he spoke his fond request,
She'd learned obedience with the rest,
 Her "Yes" met his "Be mine!"'

My Queen.

I know a queen who's dearer far
Than all the world to me;
The queen, a little brown-eyed lass;
The throne, her father's knee.

When wan and worn from labor's stress,
My queen brings rest to me,
As mounts the little brown-eyed lass
Her throne on father's knee.

Some day she'll be a queen indeed,
And rule from sea to sea;
But I shall e'er remember her
Enthroned on father's knee.

Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam.

“Let the Cobbler Stick to his Last.”

His mother fitted him to preach,
His father, for the press.
Between the two, I fear 'tis true,
He made an awful mess.

In pulpit he was out of place,
And restless were the pews;
They thought he had them on the rack,
A-twisting up the screws.

In journalism soon he came
To very dismal grief.
He tried the law; alas, could not
Prepare a single brief.

He taught, he fought, he dug for gold;
No labor held a charm.
He knew he'd missed his calling—
Calling swine upon the farm.

At last he died, and people said,
When all his deeds were done,
“He's been a jack at many trades,
A crackerjack at none.”

Clean and Clear-Eyed Men.

Philosophers may speculate,
Logicians pile up facts,
Historians may write their Books of Acts;
The anchorite may meditate,
The hermit tell his beads,
The lyric poet sing of valiant deeds;
When all accounts we reckon
Within our human ken,
We close the book, we lay aside the pen:
Humanity will beckon
With its feeble hand, again,
And lift a cry for clean and clear-eyed men.

For many a reformation,
For many a loving deed,
The wicked world will ever feel the need.
The greatest transformation
The universe has seen,
Is when a sin-stained soul is lifted, clean.
God is the great evangel;
His instruments are men;
Pure-hearted sons, with strength like that of ten;
Not seraph, nor yet angel,
But clean and clear-eyed men;
Ambassadors, to live His life again.

Earth's mighty thrones may crumble,
Her palaces be dust,
Her shining swords may perish into rust;
Her kings God's hand may humble,
Her princes be put down,
Her empires wane beneath Jehovah's frown.
When pomp and power are faded,
And weal is changed to woe,
Ah, hark the heart-spent murmur, long and low;
From human souls degraded
There swells the prayer, then,
"God, Father, give us clean, and clear-eyed men."

Contentment.

I know a happy fellow who seems perfectly content;
And whether on a pleasant task, or grievous mission bent,
There's nothing mars his cheerfulness or causes him to frown;
There's nothing hides his joyous smile or casts his spirit down.
But a large and liquid whistle comes a-trilling from his throat;
And he doesn't mind the patch upon his coat.

As he leaves his home at early morn he's singing some gay song;
When trudging back at eventide his laughter rolls along.
He smiles at "dire adversity;" he scoffs at "cruel fate;"
He knows that true success is 'theirs who "hustle while they
wait."
By the large and liquid whistle that comes trilling from his
throat
He sets a lot of happiness afloat.

I asked of him the secret of his constant life-sunshine.
He laughed again, and gayly cried, "The secret isn't mine;
It's yours, it's theirs, it's all the world's, the heritage of man.
'Tis simply, Be contented, as contented as you can."
Then a large and liquid whistle came a-trilling from his throat.
Contentment rang in every single note.

The Exodus.

Part One: Moses' Song of Triumph.

(A Paraphrase of Exodus 15: 1-18.)

Let my voice in triumph ring,
Let me gloriously sing,
For the great and mighty battle of the Lord;
Lo, the rider and the horse
Tossed by sportive waves, a corse,
Hath he slain in sea without the use of sword.
Great Jehovah maketh strong;
Great Jehovah is our song;
Great Jehovah reacheth out his hand to save;
He's the God for all my days;
He shall have my fervent praise;
I exalt his name till silent in the grave.
He hath been our man of war;
He hath sent our battle car;
We rejoice in that Jehovah is his name;
He hath smitten Pharaoh's host;
All the chariots were lost;
In the sea were drowned all Egypt's men of fame.
All the captains Pharaoh chose,
Valiant men to draw the bows,
Them the Red Sea waves have covered with dismay;
Covered over in the deeps,
While the land of Egypt weeps,
As the stone is sunk beneath the waters gray.
Thou, O Lord, by thy right hand,
With a power and glory grand,
Thou didst dash our foes to pieces in the sea;
In an excellency great,
In consuming, righteous hate,
Thou didst smite them down and set thy people free.
By the blasts from heaven's halls
Giant waves were heaped in walls,
And a mighty hand held back the seething flood;

While the enemy pursued,
With a hellish wrath imbued,
As he thirsted for destruction and for blood.
Then the sea gave back her waves;
Then they sank in watery graves;
Then thy people saw Jehovah's awful power;
All the kings of earth have heard;
They have trembled at thy word;
They will ne'er forget the wonders of that hour.
Let us now the march begin,
Do thou lead thy people in
To inherit all the fair, the promised land.
In the place where thou shalt dwell,
Let our songs of triumph swell,
For thou leadest us by thine almighty hand.
There forever shalt thou reign,
Men and angels in thy train,
In the sanctuary thine own hands have built.
On thine altars we shall lay
Bleeding sacrifice today;
In thine honor shall the blood of bulls be spilt.

Part Two: Miriam's Refrain.

(A Paraphrase and Expansion of Exodus 15: 21.

Lift up the voice in song unto the Lord;
The homage of our fervent prayer accord.
A glorious triumph hath he won today;
The sword of Egypt hath he swept away.
The war-horse plunges, from the bit set free;
The rider struggles in the whelming sea.
Jehovah's power to men is fully shown,
When Egypt's proudest sons to death are thrown.

Part Three: The Lament of Egypt.

Where are all the men of valor
That we sent to fields of war?
Where are all the mighty heroes,

Driving forth the battle car?
Where are all the thousand chariots,
Shining in the morning sun?
Where are all the swords that, flashing,
Wondrous victories have won?
Where are sounds of boisterous revels
Ringing on the midnight air?
Where are shouts of drunken laughter,
Drowning slavery's despair?

While the mothers wait and wonder,
While the wives in anguish wait,
Lo, a courier's voice is crying,
"Tidings, tidings at the gate!"
Ringing through the market places,
Sounding in the crowded lanes,
Like a vengeful bolt from heaven,
Thus the herald's voice obtains:
"Wives of Egypt, hear the message!
Egypt's flower, full-blown, has died,
Quenched before an unseen victor
Like the sands before the tide.
Egypt mothers, mourn for those
With whom your hearts afar have sped,
Till the earth reveals her secrets,
Till the sea gives forth her dead."

In the palace lamentation,
In the hovel groans of pain,
Tell the hearer of the chasm
That can ne'er be bridged again.
Where, in all the land of Egypt,
Is a mother's solace found,
When the message of disaster
Deals to her the mortal wound?

*Rimes
of
Commem-
-oration.*

McKinley.

Those men who best conserve the nation's weal,
Holding aloft her proud, untarnished shield,
Rise not like sparks from swiftly-turning wheel,
But glow like fixed stars' eternal flame.
Genius may hurl a meteor's glittering train;
Statesmen, like planets, through the ages reign.

Ohio has a son, not now of earth.
Having performed full well his duty here,
McKinley sleeps. The state that gave him birth
May tell his praises, may recount his worth.
Bold mark had he of talent, and a shrewd
And sturdy common sense, a loyal heart,
Unchallenged honesty, a mind imbued
With lofty wisdom of the public sage.
All honor to Ohio's noble son,
For him the poet's choicest lines shall run.

Though godlike mien and beetling front of Jove
Gave him a presence that would awe inspire,
No lashlike tongue his smarting hearers drove;
No deep intrigue his active fancy wove.
His was a higher level, for he gave
An honest life to serve his fellowmen:
And when he fell there bent above his grave
Lowly and large, one in their common woe.
All honor to Ohio's noble son,
McKinley sleeps. Full well his work was done.

Compassion's Flight.

How swift is human thought. The lightning's flash
Is but the rush of chariot wheels delayed,
Compared with that quick change of tiny cells
Whereby a thought is born, and hurries on
Along the wondrous corridors of sense,
To be, at last, clear word, or various deed.

So swift the thought that ran from mind to mind,
Sweeping like wild-fire o'er the plains of sense,
When came the tidings, flashed through leagues of space,
That crime was done, that anarchy was roused,
Fresh from her lair, with skirts all stained with blood,
With murderous evil in her scowling face.
Her hand, upraised, had fallen on the heart
In which the hopes of millions throbbed and beat.

Horror and rage and overwhelming grief
Crimsoned the cheek, with tears suffused the eye.
A wave of sympathy, greater and deeper far
Than billows piling on the ocean floor,
Swept the broad continents bearing on its flood
The hearts of men of every race and clime,
Made kindred in a universal woe.
How swift is human thought! Compassion sweet
Flashes from pole to pole when nations mourn.

The Broken Chalice.

A Tribute to President Barrows.

*Broken the Chalice, but the purple wine
Laves with its precious flood the souls of men.*

Think you the kingly form no longer stands
Manly and noble and with power begirt?
Think you sonorous tones no longer rush
In torrents of resistless eloquence?
Think you the kindly smile and sparkling eye
No longer move the slaggard hearts to cheer?
Think you the man has passed from human ken,
Unseen, and silent, and of strength bereft?

Ah, but he stands with more than royal mien,
Speaks with an eloquence in truth divine—
Kindles the heart to moods of ecstasy—
Moves by his deathless self the souls of men—
Greater by far when gone the little way
That measures Heaven from its vestibule.

*Broken the Chalice, but the purple wine
Laves with its precious flood the souls of men.*

To President James H. Fairchild.

(1818-1902).

As in the dim and leafy forest aisles
One walks through solemn rows of lofty oaks
And gets but glimpses of cerulean sky,
While all around the sombre shadows lie,
So walked this servant in his quiet way,
Apart from clang and clamor of the world;
Content to fashion for a little while
The lives that came beneath his kindly smile;
Nor dreamed of tiring of the common-place,
Nor growing restive 'neath the daily round
Of lowly service. He but greater grew
The more of calm his tranquil spirit knew;
And, since he had his vision of clear sky,
Thanked God for toil, and counted duty high.

To Professor George S. Burroughs.

(1855-1901).

Hast seen in some clear, placid forest pool
The mirrored picture of the summer noon,
The beaming sun, the tall and trembling pine,
The dusky shadow of the mountain's crest?
So in his life's serene and even flow
Were imaged beauties of the heavenly dome,
O'erarching hand of God besprent with love,
And set with suns of courage and of truth.
Nay more, not only images we saw,
But, as the ebbing tide's resistless wave
Bears weighty treasures from the sanded shore,
The current of his life bore gifts its own.
And all who looked upon his smiling face
Were moved by visions of supernal grace.

L. of C.

To Professor Fenelon B. Rice.

(1841-1901).

Hushed is the voice, and still the guiding hand,
That led the chorus in melodious strains.
Like ceaseless sobbings of the beating surge
There swells the unsung music of his dirge,
Rising from youthful hearts by thousands told
Who came beneath this master's magic spell.
They felt the impulse to diviner things,
The frequent heritage of him who sings.
Such discord in this sinful world prevails,
To souls like his emancipation comes,
When loosed from fetters of our place and time,
Set free to hear the harmonies sublime,
And, given greater boon, through ages long
To join the chorus in the angel song.

To the Martyrs of Shansi.

I. The Alabaster Box.

Mary of Bethany, faithful to her Lord,
Brought precious alabaster box of spikenard sweet,
And poured the treasure at the Master's feet.
"Wherever, through the ages, men may dwell
The story of this service tongue shall tell."
And, lo, the great fulfilment of His word.

Strange tongues, and maddened fury all afame,
Clashing of swords, and dreadful rush of men,
A shudder as of trembling worlds, and then
Silence where met the followers of the Name.
But there upon the fertile Shansi plain,
Fairest of Sinim's provinces, a deed
Like that of Mary sowed again the seed
Of fond memorial. Over land and main
Crept the sad tidings of the bloody way
They crushed the alabaster box that bore
Imprisoned spirits to that Eastern shore,
And held them till their coronation day.

II. "Like Master, Like Men."

A barren hill, rock-bound, a jeering crowd;
And in the midst a thorn-crowned head is bowed;
Three crosses, black against the leaden sky;
Three men, with arms outstretched, condemned to die;
For this is Calvary.

Sent in the spirit of His sacrifice
Who died with arms outstretched to clasp the world,
Nor reckoning of self, nor caring what the price,
When in Cathay His banner they unfurled.
Then followed Calvary. A day of gloom,
Skies overcast, the sun no longer shone,
The flower faded in its hour of bloom;
All dark on earth, all bright about the throne.
But the soft, incense-laden breezes sighed,
Sweeping in sorrow over Shansi's plain,
"Like as their Master, so these men have died."
Draw near to pray. The sacrifice is slain.

This, too, is Calvary

The Soldier's Farewell.

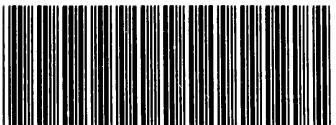
At reveille a soldier lay,
Under the southern cross;
And a comrade brushed a tear away,
And sighed for a comrade's loss;
Then stooped as the white lips moved a bit,
And the eyes were filled with light;
The hero was summoning all his grit
And strength for the last great fight.
And the lamp of life burned low,
And the pulse was very slow.

The words that passed the trembling lips
Were words from another shore;
And the task was the task of him who grips
Life hard for one effort more.
"Fred," and the comrade bent to hear,
"Old man—tell her—you know—
Through it all—she's just the same—just as dear—
I'm thinking—of her—as I go."
And the lamp of life burned low,
And the pulse was very slow.

When the trumpeter sounded taps that night,
Under the southern cross,
A comrade watched the last great fight
And sighed for a comrade's loss;
And the blast that rose with a moving spell,
As it rang on the clear night air,
Was the joyous cry of a soul's farewell,
For the dying soldier there.
And the lamp of life burned low,
And the pulse was very slow.



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